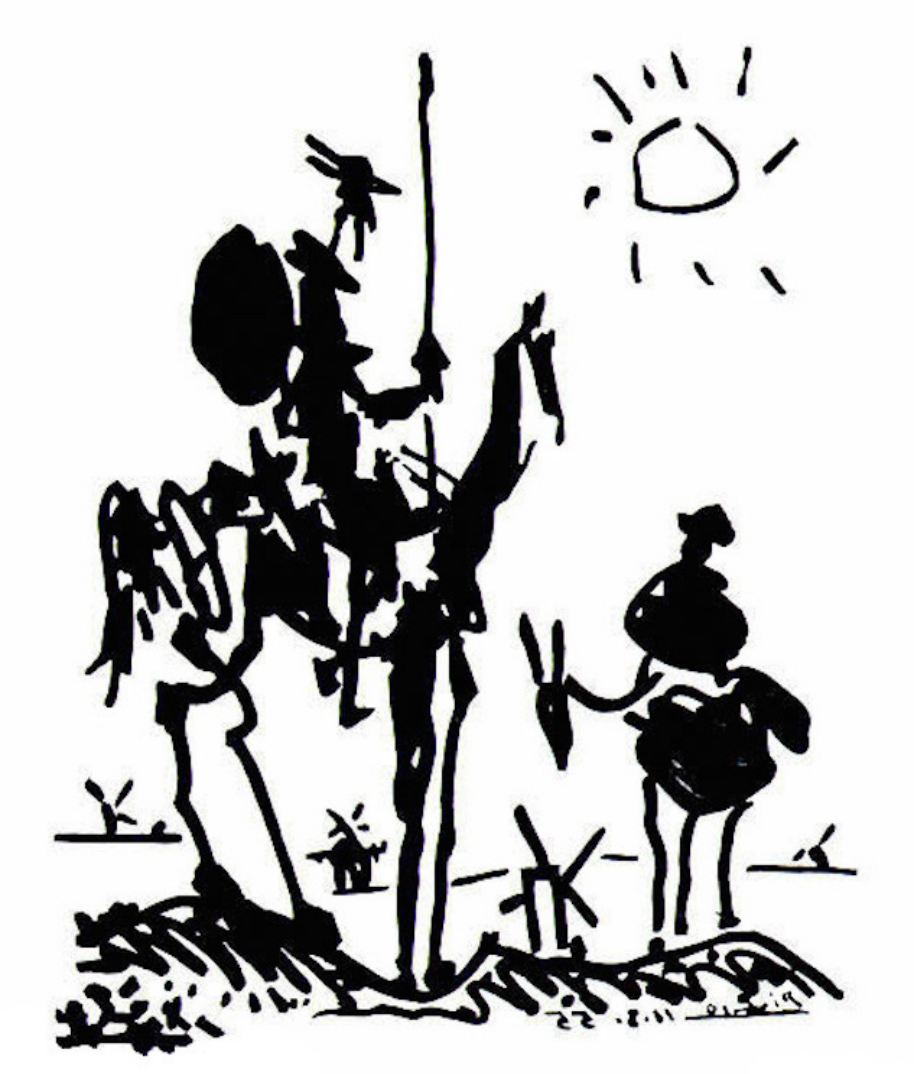
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on reincarnation, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Breadcrumbs, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and

again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Reincarnation, rebirth, reborn.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning

"sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

The Stillness Before Time

XXX

Reincarnation is the moment-to-moment fabrication of the identity you imagine you are.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

8

What would it be like to never see anybody, anything ever again?
To retire forever into the abyss, and never re-emerge into consciousness.
No more desire, no more fear, no more dread, no more worry, no more sickness,
No more injury, no more caring, no more bother, no more death or taxes.
And, of course, no more beer, wine, drugs, sex, or rock and roll.
To die for all eternity, or come back for another round,
Will that yay or nay decision be the last box
On some Pearly Gate questionnaire?
Or do you just sign in or out as you please?

36

The reward for services rendered,
No matter for good or ill, is certain death.
Our fear-ridden, superstitious species manufactured
Deities, heavens, hells, reincarnation, every conceivable notion,
Just to cope, to endure the unavoidable, intrinsic oblivion.
Too excruciatingly real to face it being all for naught.

51

If religions are all they claim to be,
Then there must be more than one god.
So, are they all warring with the same devil,
Or is there more than one of those bad boys, too?
And how many heavens and hells are harvesting souls?
Or how many reincarnations must one endure?
Ooh, ouch, ouch, ouch … brain freeze.

180

Why worry about heavens or hells,
Or karmic reincarnation?
Now is now
No matter the who …
Or what or when or where or why or how.

263

Why concern yourself with inane notions of heaven and hell,
Or the ever-morphing permutations of reincarnation?
You are … have always been … will ever be …
That which is prior to any and all forms,
Unrestrained by any limitation.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

The you, you think is you, the me, I think is me, the s/he, s/he thinks is s/he,
Are they really a different you, a different me, or a different s/he?
Who is born, who dies? Who is reborn, who dies again?
Who abides in heaven, who abides in hell,
But the same awareness in all.

* * * *

To comprehend reincarnation, re-embodiment, rebirth, re-creation, reawakening,
You must discern what it is, and what it is not, that is born anew.
That the same essence in one permeates all,
And that all are but the one in every guise imaginable.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers few and far between to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

* * * *

The passionate mind is the birth and rebirth,
The cause and effect, of the ceaseless suffering of duality.
There is tranquil agreeableness in the dispassion of timeless awareness.

Soundbites

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, you must die to what never was.

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter Eleven

Do you truly believe your puny little personality,
Your gratuitous perception of identity,
All your noxious little habits,
All your silly beliefs,
Are what will be someday reborn?

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

The newborn is but the tabula rasa of awareness until consciousness is gradually conditioned
By the winds of time, by the agony and ecstasy of the given nature-nurture.
Awakening is to be reborn into that unadorned state.

* * * *

Enduring this existence, surviving this existence,
Need not make you guilty in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Heavens, hells, reincarnation, karma, whatever beliefs have been set before you,
Are nothing more than concoctions, speculations, assumptions,
Of the those who would own your mind.

Breadcrumbs

Reborn, again, sigh.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

If timeless awareness is all that is, and is not,
Then how can it hold on to anything, or anything hold on to it?
How would reincarnation, heavens or hells or purgatories, or any other afterlives,
Be even remotely possible as anything more than imaginary, illusory, fictional, make-believe identities,
As unreal as all to which humankind has so steadfastly clung through all its history?

* * * *

Heavens and hells and purgatories and reincarnation,
How can the quantum wind of vanity possibly be carried on
Through the timeless awareness of the unborn-undying moment?
It is the game of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Regarding reincarnation, which so many belief systems endlessly speculate,
What exactly is it that can be reborn other than imaginary notion?
How can spaceless awareness, how can timeless awareness,
Ever be blemished by any imaginary attribute?
Any given seed is but a one-ride-only space-time machine,
Playing out the nature-nurture patterning into which it is spawned.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives you have no memory; of future lives you have no certainty.
All that is relevant is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, you are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

What concern have you for any heavens and hells,
For reincarnation, karma, or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, you have no memory; of future lives, you have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now timeless moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Breadcrumbs

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, I have no memory; of future lives, I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever you will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

What can be reborn in the timeless, ever-present moment,
That which is unborn, undying, indivisible, nonexistent?

Breadcrumbs

Women can be nasty fiends, who I put in hindsight as quickly as possible.
Thank the gods at this writing, that I only have to deal with one sister,
Mainly because she lives with me Mum, the main reason, I still here endure.
Were I to be reborn, I might well disappear wherever; never see any family again.
Of course, there were plenty of good moments, too; mine was a very easy, pleasant family.
But not a bother I would want, in the even more solitary path that another incarnation would wander.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Leftovers

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that you can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

* * * *

You are not even the person, the identity, you imagine you were a moment ago.
The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock,
And then the rock keeps moving, too.
Maybe back into some other life form down the dream.

* * * *

Before our ancestors naturally-selected imagination and a sense of self,
They were the same pure awareness that every other life form ever remains.

* * * *

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

Soundbites

It is not you that is reborn; it is the unborn-undying awareness, and it, only for a moment.

* * * *

Even thousands of karmic rebirths beyond counting, all happen right here, right now.

* * * *

You are no more your mind-body than any other life form is its.

Breadcrumbs

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

Regarding being a neanderthal of the species,
I am happily wiring-challenged and tone deaf and pedestrian,
When it comes to all the emotional absurdities that plague the sugar and spice set.
There is absolutely nothing that would draw me be reborn a woman.
If there is more than this one existence, please, God, no.
That would be pitiless, above and beyond,
What I well know you capable.

The Return to Wonder

VI

If you are nothing more than timeless, spaceless, momentary awareness;
If there is in reality, no entity, no existence, what can possibly reincarnate?

XXIII

Did you choose to be born?
Did you pick your parents and family?
Your body? Your geography? Your circumstances?
Some would assert that this is one of countless reincarnations,
But do you know it as bona fide truth for your Self?
And does any of it really even matter?

XXXIV

You reincarnate in every time-bound moment,
That you re-identify with this sensory illusion.

XXXVII

Where will you be when you stop reincarnating?

XLIV

You will reincarnate until you die for the last time,
With the complete surrender to your total nature.

XLVII

Your moment-to-moment rebirth, your reincarnation,
Is an outcome of your interwoven passions,
Your mistaken faith in the illusions cast by the senses,
And the mind's ceaseless will to continue its ethereal weaving in time.

* * * *

You have already reincarnated countless times during just this lifetime's imagined identity.

LXVI

Remember that who-what-where-when-why-how you have always really been,
Is not in any way, not in any shape, not in any form, about any reincarnation.

CXXXI

Even if he was somehow able to reincarnate,
Most believers probably would not recognize the real Jesus,
Because they at best only have some artist's idolatrous rendition in mind.

CLXII

Just remember that it is you who wakes up every day,
And makes the mortal choice to reincarnate,
To pick up and carry the bag of shit,
Stinking up the mind.

CXLV

Universes come and go, bang and crunch.
Is there some sort of reincarnating lineage?
Or just a mystery improvising new creations,
Ever the same awareness in every version?

* * * *

You reincarnate daily, who knows how many times.

CLXX

You are reincarnated in each and every thought.

CLXXI

Are you individually reincarnated, or is that diversion,
Merely your habituated stream of consciousness,
Playing out delusion in the indivisible mind?

CCX

So-called reincarnation is just another pointless point in the same old eternal nowless now.

CCXIX

Every mask and costume ever worn has fallen off again and again.
Consciousness imagining, consciousness reincarnating, each and every role.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory undulations of time and space.
It morphs even as you translate this; never anything but what it ever is, and is not,
Except in the sensory mind imagination ever deludes itself into calling your own.

CCXXV

Reincarnation, being born again and again, is an easy excuse for complacency.

CCLI

Any given point of this dreaming of awareness you call your life,
Is only connected by the reincarnation of imagination.
The neuron trail of the brain deceives us all.
Every moment is a new and ever-changing beginning,
If you are able and willing to detach from those so many memories.

CCLXII

You reincarnate every moment you imagine your identity real.

CCLXIII

Reincarnation is imagination gone native.

* * * *

What would life be like if you were not giving so much energy,
To the ever-present reincarnation of an imagined identity?

CCLXXVII

Maybe reincarnation is some sort of remedial, corrective thing,
For those many who cannot seem to figure it out,
In the first few billion lives or so.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.